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IN ONE ACT,

BY F. L. CUTLER,

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WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

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CHARACTERS.

PS 635
19 C 022

PETERS..... *A New York Detective*
WALTERS *A Philadelphia Detective*

—o—

COSTUMES.

Peters. 1st dress, bummer's suit; 2nd., old man, gray wig, etc.; 3d dress, Dutch wig and make-up.

Walters. 1st dress, business suit; 2nd dress, Irish low comedy; 3d dress, Yankee make-up.

—o—

PROPERTIES.

Pistol, newspaper, bundle, carpet bag.

—o—

Scene 1st.—A Street. Scene 2d.—Interior. Scene 3d.—
Same as scene 1st. Scene 4th.—Same as scene 2nd.

—o—

TIME—FORTY MINUTES.

—o—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat. D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

* * * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

TMP92-009019

\$2,000 REWARD.

—x—

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter PETERS, r., walks slowly down street.

Peters. Two thousand dollars reward! That is better than I expected. I knew there would be a reward offered, but I didn't look for over half the amount, even one thousand would have been an object in these dull times. I've been in this business for ten years, and business in the detective line has never been as dull as it is now. But this bank robbery will make things lively for awhile; and if this Boss Bob, the burglar, isn't smarter than I think he is, I'll soon take him in out of the wet. I didn't come down here from New York for nothing, and when Peters once gets on a man's track he might as well hold out his wrists for the darbies. (*takes out paper and reads*)

“TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD:—The above reward will be paid for the capture of one Robert Whaley, better known as Boss Bob—is of medium height, fair complexion, straight built, sharp nose, brown hair and mustache; has a habit of twirling his mustache—has a small mole on left side of his neck. When last seen had on a suit of grayish brown. The above reward will be paid by

JOHN LACELLE, President 1st Nat. Bank.”

Has a habit of twirling his mustache. Unless I'm very much mistaken he'll twirl something on his wrists before he's many days older. I've had my eyes on a chap some two or three times this afternoon that answers the description perfectly, and— (*looks r.*) By George, here he comes now.

Enter WALTERS, R., crosses slowly and exits L.

I must keep my eye on that fellow. It don't seem as though Bob woul' be foolhardy enough to promenade the streets in broad day light, when he knows the whole police force are on the watch for him. But that kind of gentry get reckless in time, and there's no telling what they may do; and under the circumstances I believe the best thing I can do will be to slip down that alley and make a slight change in my appearance, and then shaddow that fellow until I find out who he is. It will do no harm, anyway, and it may be money in my pocket. (exit, R.)

Enter WALTERS, L., looks up and down the street.

Walters. Can it be possible that fellow has given me the slip after following him around all the afternoon. Confound it, it looks like it. He was standing about here when I passed seemingly in brown study. I just stepped into a store a moment after some tobacco and now he's out of sight. Well, I'll find him again in less than twenty-four hours or I'm much mistaken, and Walters, the thief-taker, is seldom mistaken; and I'm as sure of that two thousand dollars as though I had it in my pocket, for if that fellow that just left here isn't Bob, the burglar, than my name isn't Walters, that's all. He answers the description perfectly—straight built, brown hair and mustache. Bye-the-bye, the next time I get sight of him I must try and get close enough to see about that mole on his neck; if it is there I shall immediately take charge of him, and if he isn't Boss Bob all he's got to do is to prove his identity. But I don't see where he got to so quick. (*starts*) I wonder if he didn't smell a very large mice and took that plan to give me the slip. He's a cute one, but we'll see in the end who is the cutest. I might as well saunter down street toward my rooms, as I can do nothing more now, and this evening I will take a look through some of the saloons and gambling hells. He must be a bold one if that is him, to stay right here in the city after such a robbery; but he's just as safe here as anywhere else, and I suppose he knows it.

Enter PETERS, R., disguised as OLD MAN.

Walters. Hello, uncle, did you meet a young man just now going up the street?

Old Man. (*studies*) A young man? Well—now really I don't know. How was he dressed?—and what was his general appearance?

Walters. He was about medium height, with brown hair and mustache, and dressed something as I am.

Old Man. (*aside*) That was my description a few minutes ago; can it be possible that he suspects. (*aloud*) Medium height, brown hair and mustache. No, I don't think I saw him. Was he your brother?

Walters. (*laughs*) My brother! The idea. No, sir, it was a friend of mine, who I am anxious to see just at present.

Old Man. (*aside*) He'll see him sooner than he cares to. (*aloud*) Young man, I notice you use tobacco pretty freely.

Walters. Well, what of it, old Centennial?

Old Man. My friend, it's a pernicious habit and leads to—

Walters. Oh, bother your preaching—I haven't time to listen.

Old Man. And from the ruby tint of your nose, young man, I am a little afraid you indulge in strong drink.

Walters. And your nose seems to be worn to a sharp point with poking it into other people's business. You attend strictly to your own affairs old man and I'll attend to mine.

Old Man. That's just the way of the world. But excuse me, there seems to be an insect of some kind on your neck. (*walks up close to WALTERS and looks at his neck*) Allow me. (*brushes something off his neck, stamps it with his foot*)

Walters. Thanks. Well, good day, uncle, I must be moving. (*aside*) I believe I'll take a little look around that corner. (*exit, R.*)

OLD MAN looks after him, smiles, takes off wig, etc., and changes to PETERS.

Peters. Now I'm positive that's my man. He answers the description to a T, and he's got a mole on his neck. I wonder what meant those inquiries of me—his suspicions. That's the rat I'm after, and I must track him to his hole. He turned that corner; I will wait around here a minute and then I'll take a little strong way myself. I'd like

to find where he stays, and get a chance to look around his room a little; I am satisfied I could find some convincing proof. (PAT heard singing outside) There comes a bummer I'll bet from his appearance.

Enter WALTERS, made up as PAT, staggers up to PETERS and holds out his hand.

Pat. By me sowl, 'tis meself, Pat McCarty, that's glad to mate ye. The best friend I have in the wurld, barrin' the fact that I niver put me two blessed eyes on ye until this minute, at all, at all.

Peters. Be off with you; I want no trouble with the likes of you.

Pat. Trouble is it to me, b'y, an' that's phat ye want, is it? Well, begorra an' it's meself, Pat McCarty, that was lucky in comin' along jist as I did; sure an' I'm the b'y that can put you under the doctor's care in a jiffy, as Mary Ann said to Dan McGinnis when—

Peters. Will you be off? I'm in no humor to stand your nonsense, and if you don't move along I'll put you where the dogs won't bite you.

Pat. (aside) That's a game two can play at. (*aloud*) Och! ye will, will ye. (*staggers*) If I wasn't so sleepy—it's meself—would— (*falls*) Och, come on, ye spaldeen—it's meself— (*sleeps*)

Peters. There, thank gracious, he's out of his trouble for the present. Confound the delay, my man has very likely given me the slip. (*exit r.*)

PAT raises up cautiously and looks after him, rises quickly, takes off make-up and changes to WALTERS, puts wig in pocket or grip.

Walters. Ha, ha! Out of my troubles for the present am I. (*smiles*) Well, my friend, that's more than I can say for you. He'll have a little surprise party before he's much older; but what puzzles me is where he was when I was looking for him. I couldn't find him down the street, and when I came back here he stood right where I saw him last. (*looks r.*) By Jove, he's turned down Fifth street, and I must after him or I'll loose him. (*exit r.*)

SCENE II.—Plain interior. PETERS discovered reading, lays down paper.

Peters. It's no use, I can't read when I'm troubled

about anything; and there's no use denying the fact, I am worried about this bank robbery business, and to think that I had Boss Bob right under my thumb and then let him get away. It's strange where he got to so quick. Oh! well, faint heart never won fair lady, nor a detective a reputation, that allowed himself to be discouraged by one failure; so to-morrow I'll go on another voyage of discovery in this old city. (*knock r.*) Come in.

Enter WALTERS, made up as YANKEE, carries carpet bag.

—Good evening, sir. Have a chair.

Yankee. Much obligeed, squire; don't care if I do. Climbin' them stairs kinder takes the surplus wind outen a feller.

Peters. It is tiresome, that's a fact. But I take it you're a stranger in the city?

Yankee. Why goll darn it, how did you know that?

Peters. Oh! from your general appearance.

Yankee. General appearance! wall I swan! I hadn't any idea I looked anything like a general, but maybe it kinder runs in the family, ye see my great grandfather on my mother's side, fit in the Revolution an' got promoted to a fifth corporal an—

Peters. Is there any thing I can do for you this evening, if so what is it?

Yankee. Oh! yeou want to get to business do ye? Wall that's me. (*starts to open carpet-bag, stops*) I say, squire, I've been havin' a time.

Peters. Why, where have you been?

Yankee. Me? why I've been takin' a little ride on the keers.

Peters. (*smiling*) I should have supposed that such a puny looking little fellow as you, would have been afraid of the cars; or was your mother with you?

Yankee. Come neow you're pokin' fun at a feller, an' I never could stand that no how.

Peters. Well go on, what happened?

Yankee. Wall, ye see the train what I was on an another train tried to pass on the same track, and the consequences was, both on 'em got knocked into a cocked hat.

Peters. That must have been a serious collision.

Yankee. Yes, but there was another train come along purty soon after and fetched us all into town, and I never heerd no particulars.

Peters. Well what do you think of our city?

Yankee. Wa'al its purty considerable of a village; but I tell you what's the matter squire, there's some of the worst swindlers here I ever seed.

Peters. How's that?

Yankee. Wa'al, after I got off the keers, I was a walkin' down the streets a takin' in the sight; when the fust thing I knowed there was a purty gal come down the street; and when she got close to me, she took a quick look at me, an then says she. Oh, Josh! I'm so glad to see you, we wasn't expectin' you yet, and with that she grabbed me round the neck with both arms, an give me a squeeze; an I swan, if I didn't feel so frustrated, that the fust thing I was a squeezin' her too; purty soon she got loose an took another look at me, an then she give a little scream, an throwed up both hands, an sez she why it ain't Josh after all, Oh! I'm so ashamed—an' with that, she slapped her kerchief to her face an went off deown the street. An I just stood there like a dummed fool, lookin' after her, an kinder wishin' I'd a been the Josh she was a lookin' fur. When she turned the corner, I started on deown the street. By'm by I went to look at my watch to see what time it was, an by gosh, I had just such a sensation as that gal had, when she found out I wasn't Josh.

Peters. What kind of a senaation was that?

Yankee. Why, I felt kinder ashamed.

Peters. Ashamed! why so?

Yankee. 'Cos, it wasn't there.

Peters. Wasn't there! what had became of it?

Yankee. Wa'al, I don't know for certain, but I kinder think as how its gone to hunt Josh.

Peters. (*laughs*) Well, sir, you have had a wonderful time.

Yankee. Wa'al, by mighty, I should think I had, but gosh all fishhooks, here I'm neglectin' business.

(*takes up carpet-bag.*

Peters. (*rising*) Please excuse me, I will return in a minute. (exit *PETERS*, L.

Yankee. Sart'in squire. (*natural voice*) At last, at last. I have him under my thumb, and he suspects nothing. I was in hopes I could find some additional evidence in his rooms, but there seems to be nothing of any consequence here, and I dare not leave it, for fear of his return. (*discovers bundle on chair*) What have we here? (ex-

amines bundle, pulls out wig, whiskers, etc.) There's proof for you, what use would he have for such things if he did not wish to disguise himself? (*studies*) How ever I don't think I had better undertake his arrest alone, for his going out just now, looks a little as though he have an accomplice or two in the house, but it makes no difference, I have found his retreat, and can take him when ever I want him. He's a cute one, nobody but a sharper would have taken rooms in this, the most aristocratic part of the city; accustomed as I am to the ways of thieves and burglars, I would have never thought of looking for him here, had I not tracked him to his door. (*starts*) Oh! he's coming. (*puts wigs etc. into carpet-bag, sits and holds carpet-bag on knees.*)

Enter PETERS, R.

Peters. I hope I have not kept you waiting.

Yankee. Oh, no, not at all, squire. I'd hardly missed you; I've been figuring up the profits on my Great Double Extract of Hypophosphated Cure for corns and bunions, for which I am the sole agent for these parts. It comes in fifty cent boxes; and two applications is warranted to knock the spots out of the worst corn or bunion you ever seed, so if you've got any just trot 'em out, and give me a chance at 'em.

Peters. I am ever so much obliged, but I have no need of your services just at present.

Yankee. Wa'al all right squire, yeou don't want a box of intment do ye? to take off moles or freckles, an its also fust rate for chapped hands and chilblains.

Peters. (*laughs*) No I guess not, I have no freckles, I have one small mole on my neck here; (*shows*) but you remember the old adage.

Mole on the neck,
Money by the peck.

Yankee. That's what's the matter, yeou know a good deal about money don't ye squire? I wouldn't have gin ye credit for so much good sense just by lookin' at ye, I swan I wouldn't. So yeou think ye don't want any of my cures?

Peters. I believe not to day, I hope you will excuse me, for I am in some what of a hurry. (*puts hand to face.*)

Yankee. Goin' deown to have a tooth pulled be ye? (*opens carpet-bag*) Say I've got suthin' here that will

knock the spots out of the toothache quicker than you can say scat.

Peters. Come, come, be moving, I want none of your nostrums.

Yankee. They're mighty handy to have about the house. When sister Saphronia had the measles—

Peters. (*aside*) Was ever any one bothered with the presence of such a—— Now see here, I want none of your wares, and I am not troubled with toothache, corns, bunions, erysipelas, itch, gout, or any other complaint only this, I have been exposed and expect every day to come down with the small pox.

Yankee. (*scared*) Small pox! great Jupiter! (*rushes for door R. stumbles, falls, jumps up exit R.* *PETERS laughs heartily and sits in chair L.*)

Peters. Now for business, it was just about this time last evening, that I saw Bob on Elm street. I believe I'll go down there and loaf around awhile this evening, I may get another glimpse of him and if I do I'll track him to his lair or my name aint Peters. And if I ever get him cornered he'll get a worse scare than that Yankee did just now. (*laughs*) And when I get that \$2,000—but hold on Peters don't count your chickens before they're hatched, there's many a slip twixt cup and lip. This world is full of ups and downs; but why should we find fault?

Introduce Song, "Golden Hair and Eyes of Blue." Can be procured of Mr. Ames. Price 30c.

SCENE III.—A street, same as Scene 1st.

Enter WALTERS, R.

Walters. I must go down to the chief of police and make arrangements for two or three good men, for to-night. I've got my bird caged, and I want to take him before he flies away, I suppose he had a hearty laugh over that small pox dodge of his. Ha! ha! that was a good one, and what was better, it gave me a chance to get out, which was just what I wanted. He's a slick one, and it will be a feather in my cap if I get him. (*noise off R.*) Hello! what is the trouble back there?

Dutchy. (outside) Look out dhere mit your foolishness, vat for you blay pase pall mit my stomach dot way?

Walters. (*looking r.*) That Dutchman seems to be having trouble with the boys.

Dutchy. (*closer*) Don'd you gif me any of your mout, young feller, or burty quick I vill come pack dhere und smash dwo or tree ov you fellers.

Walters. Dutchy is on his muscle.

Dutchy. (*still closer*) Py gracious, dot makes me mat like de deuce.

Enter PETERS R. made up as Dutchman.

I don'd like dot pase pall besness purty goot any vay.

Walters. What's the matter? you seem in trouble.

Dutchy. Drouples, vell I should say, dem poys vos a blayin' pase pall up dhere und I vos a comin' down dhe street, und dot moy (*points*) mit dhe hank'rchief hangin' out mit his bants—(*starts up street r., stops, shakes fist*) Don'd you make your mout at me, you moy, or py gracious I vill come pack dhere.

Walter. What were you saying about the ball?

Dutchy. (*comes c.*) Oh, vell ust as I got oop dhere py dot restaurant, dot moy struck dhe pall mit a club und—

Walters. And you caught it on the fly?

Dutchy. Vell, I don'd know vot you call it, put I got him right dhere. (*puts hand on stomach*.)

Walters. (*laughs*) They probably mistook you for the umpire. But I suppose you would rather have been hit with a link of bologna, or a glass of good lager?

Dutchy. Vell I don'd care ov I do. (*smiles*) I don'd got me some peer und bologna for a goot vile, I got me no frients in dis blace, und I don'd got some money do.

Walters. (*aside*) I begin to see which way the wind blows. (*aloud*) My friend are you a married or single man?

Dutchy. Me! Oh, I vos marriet, I got me a nice leetle frau.

Walters. Indeed! but where your frau?

Dutchy. Mine frau? Oh! she vos ofer in Germany. I come ofer to dis country to make me some money, to send pack after mine frau, put I don'd do it.

Walters. I see, well good day. (*going r.*)

Dutchy. Say, I vould like do got a blace vere I could work und make some money; eh, vot you dinks?

Walters. What do I think? I don't think any thing about it.

Dutchy. Vell, I don'd know, maype you got some dings I could do.

Walters. (*aside*) I do need somebody, that's a fact; but I don't know whether I can make any use of this Dutchman or not, but I feel sorry for him and have half a notion to take him home with me. I'll question him. (*aloud*) Did you ever work in-doors? that is to say, wait on any one. You see, I am a bachelor, I have a suit of rooms, but of course get my meals at a restaurant.

Dutchy. Vell, I nefer done mooch ov dot first pesniss, put I vould pe villin' do dry a meal any dime.

Walters. I suppose you have no recommendations?

Dutchy. No, I don'd got some, I eat oop efery dings what I got.

Walters. (*laughing*) Oh! you did? well come along, I'll give you a trial. (*aside*) I'll have fun enough out of him to pay his wages. (*exit, R.*

Dutchy. (*smiles*) Dot's ust vot I dinks, ve got some fun out ov dis burty quick now, und I dinks apout \$2,000 pessides. Eh, vot you dinks? (*exit R.*

SCENE IV.—Interior, coat hanging on wall, with wigs, papers, etc. in pockets. WALTERS discovered seated in chair, L.

Walters. This is what I call solid comfort, a comfortable lodging place, and a man servant to wait on me. Well, I suppose I might as well take things easy, for it will be an hour or more before my policemen will be here; and as soon as they do, we will be off after our \$2,000 bird, but in the mean time I will— (*loud noise, as if some one falling, R.*) What in the world was that? (*goes R. looks off, comes back laughing, enter DUTCHY R. limping, and rubbing elbow*) What in the world was you trying to do out there just now?

Dutchy. Oh, nodings much, I ust stuped mine doe a leedle like de deuce.

Walters. (*laughs*) A little! If you had stubbed it a little harder, you would have knocked the partition down, I should dislike very much to have you charge on me that way.

Dutchy. Nein! nein! I don'd charge you nodlings for dot pesiness.

Walters. Oh! you don't? (laughs and sits, takes paper and reads. DUTCHY gets brush, dusts furniture discovers coat, looks to see if WALTERS is looking, searches pockets in coat, looks at wigs etc. puts them back, finds letter, puts it in his own pocket, all the time watching WALTERS, twirls his finger at him. WALTERS looks at DUTCHY who wipes his nose on coat-sleeve unconcerned. WALTERS smiles, looks first at DUTCHY and then at audience) He's a cute one.

Dutchy. (aside) Dot's me.

(exit r.)

Walters. Now then to business, I must clean up my pistols and get ready. (looks out of window) Ah! there comes my three policemen across the street, I must make haste.

(exit l.)

Enter DUTCHY r. looks around runs r. looks out, comes centre.

Peters. (natural voice) I see no use keeping this up longer, I can never have a better time than the present, he suspects nothing which will make the surprise all the more complete, and make his capture an easy matter, he has his pistols apart cleaning them, which is lost time if he did but know it, ah! he comes. (draws pistol, stands l. f. Enter WALTERS l. goes c. looking r. PETERS presents pistol) My friend! (WALTERS turns) please hold up your hands.

Walters. (starts back astonished) How! what?

Peters. (louder) Put up your hands.

Walters. (aside) My servant with a pistol and talking plain English, what does it mean?

Peters. (louder) Put up your hands, or by the Lord Harry I'll let day light through you.

Walters. (holds up hands) If I must, I must, but what means this outrage, who are you?

Peters. (sneering) Oh, we're innocent we are. I suppose you never heard of Boss Bob the burglar.

Walters. (drops hands, starts forward) Boss Bob! what of him?

Peters. Put up your hands.

Walters. (puts up hands) I'll have satisfaction for this.

Peters. All right my hearty, after you satisfy the officers of the First National Bank, then will be time enough to attend to me.

Walters. 'Attend to you, First National Bank,' see here my beligerant friend, do you know who I am?

Peters. The court thinks she does.

Walters. (*throws back coat, shows star*) Do you see that.

Peters. (*astonished*) What—who are you?

Walters. (*bows*) Walters the thief taker, at your service.

Peters. No!

Walters. Yes!

Peters. It can't be possible.

Walters. But it is possible, if you want any further proof, go with me out on the street, and you can satisfy yourself in a very short time.

Peters. (*lays pistol on table, aside*) If this thing gets out on me I'm ruined. (*tears off wig, etc.*) I must fix things up in some way, to have it hushed up. (*as PETERS throws off wig WALTERS starts in surprise, looks closer, goes c. looks again.*)

Walters. By all that's wonderful. (*rushes to table gets pistol, presents it*) Just elevate those flippers, please.

Peters. (*turns quickly*) Hold on! what means this?

Walters. It means that this is the second scene, of the first act, and the boot is on the other foot.

Peters. But there is some mistake.

Walters. None at all, Walters the thief-taker, is seldom mistaken.

Peters. So just allow your optics to rest for a moment on that. (*shows star*)

Walters. What—who—who are you? what does this mean?

Peters. It means that I'm a confounded fool; and you are ditto.

Walters. Fool! (*presents pistol*) speak, who are you?

Peters. (*bows*) Your fraternity; Peters the detective.

Walters. Peters—It can't be—but what means this masquerading?

Peters. I am or rather was, after Boss Bob. I took you for him—and here I am.

Walters. Fact! no! why I've been shadowing you for two days. (*Yankee dialect*) Why, goll darn it squire, don't ye know me?

Peters. (*astonished*) Well, I'll be blowed. (*both laugh*) Put her there. (*holds out his hand*, WALTERS

grasps it, and they shake, they keep same position next six speeches, both very much amused.)

Walters. I thought this night, Boss Bob to take.

Peters. And I two thousand was going to make.

Walters. One thing is certain, my German brother,

Peters. I'm a fool, and you're another;

Walters. We've been the victims of a sad mistake,

Peters. And eaten humble pie, instead of cake.

Walters. (*starting off L.*) By the by, just wait here a moment until I dismiss those policeman, and then we'll adjourn to the nearest restaurant, and compare notes over a bottle of wine. (*going L.*)

Peters. All right, but Walters; (*he returns*) If the police get hold of this?

Walters. O! darn em, we're the biggest fools in the United States. (*starts off.*)

Peters. Walters—

(*he turns.*)

Walters. What—

Peters. Let's hire out to Barnum. (*they stand laughing.*)

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